



LOONEY LECTURES FOR SUMMERTIME

♦ ♦ ♦ By Gene Morgan ♦ ♦ ♦

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

Mountain climbing is a mild form of exercise, which may be indulged in by the well-to-do, the newly-rich and others who think they can succeed in getting up in the world!

But there's much to say about mountain climbing!

Men do not scale the dizzy heights because they wish to look down upon their less fortunate brothers.

They are generally too skeered to look down!

When the sturdy guide tells them they may rest a while and proceeds to point out the interesting specks on the landscapes, they close their eyes and wish to make the return trip in a padded elevator.

It's not encouraging to loaf on the top shelf of the world—3,000 feet from the nearest farm house—direct route!

But the wealthy tourist spends a hundred bucks to have the sensation of having his teeth imitate the Morse code and his hair get afraid to stand on end.

When mountain climbing one needs an alpenstock—the technical name for a sure-footed window pole. Then a pair of spike-freckled boots and a flask of brandy guaranteed to make even an angleworm wall to its mamma for a shooting star!

Also one must have a yodle.

You simply cannot do without the yodle!

Every once in a while on the way

up you come to a pass where a con-
signment of nice, fresh echoes have
been received that morning.

This is YOUR cue to yodle! So
you proceed to make a high-pitched
noise like a peanut roaster with a
stutter!

Mountain climbing in America is
not generally as strenuous as the
European brand. Our Rockies are
much more difficult, but they are
most often clumb by railroad.

These cars are drawn by a locomotive that walks on its teeth. When you have completed the climb you are, nevertheless, panting heavily, for all the way you have been sympathizing so with the poor, tired engine!

MRS. PANKHURST RELEASED

London, June 16.—The Home Office has been compelled to again release Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst from Holloway Jail as a result of another hunger strike. She was sent back to Holloway Jail on Saturday when she attempted to attend the funeral of Miss Emily Wilding Davison and fainted when arrested.

"Your landlord has gone mad, I hear?" "Yes, ma'am, we took him off to the asylum yesterday." "Who would have thought it? And how did you find out that he was wrong in his head?" "There was no possible doubt whatever; he had lowered the rents all round!"